

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

VOL. 1.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1858.

NO. 17

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, AT JASPER,
DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY
MEHRINGE & DOANE & SMITH.

OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND
MACDONALD STREETS.

TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE:
Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50
For six months, 1 00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
For square of 10 lines or less, 1 week, \$1 00.
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.

Longer advertisements, at same rate. A
fraction over every square or squares, counted
as a square. These are the terms for trans-
ient advertisements; a reasonable deduc-
tion will be made to regular advertisers.
Notices of appointment of administrators
and legal notices of like character to be
paid for in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.
For Township offices, each, \$1 00
For County " " 2 00
For District, Circuit, or State, 5 00

Live for Something.
Live for some thing; be not idle—
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming—
Labor is the sweetest joy.
Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay,
Life for thee hath many duties—
Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway;
Gentle words and cheering smiles
Better are than gold or silver,
With their grief dispelling wiles.
As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;
Drop the tear of sympathy,
Whisper words of hope and comfort,
Giv'g, and thy reward shall be
Joy unto thy soul returning
From this perfect fountain head,
Freely, as thou freely givest,
Shall the grateful light be shed.

How to be Useful.
A teacher was once talking to his class
about this very hard thing. The boys
looked and wondered, and all seemed as if
they thought him quite mistaken in telling
them that they could be of any use.

"Well," he said, "only try."
"But how shall we try, teacher?"
"Oh, that I cannot tell you; for depend up-
on it, my boys, if you are really desirous to
do good, you will find out some way for
yourself."

They still looked rather unbelieving.
"I see," he said, "you cannot quite make
it out; but I will tell you what to do. Keep
your eyes open, and your hands ready, all
this week and you shall tell me, when we
meet next Sunday, if you have not managed
to be useful in some way or other."

They all promised, and went home quite
full of it. The week passed away, the Sun-
day came; there were the boys, all in their
places, smiling and full of eagerness.

"Ah," said the teacher, as he sat down, "I
see you have something to tell me now!"
They all wanted to speak at once; but
"No, we must begin in due order at the be-
ginning." Then one boy told how he had
thought of going to the well for a bucket of
water every morning, to save his mother the
time and trouble, and how pleased she had
been with him, and how heartily she had
thanked him, and how he meant to keep it up.

A second said that he had been in to read
a chapter in the Bible every day to the poor
old woman next door, whose eyes had grown
too dim to read it for herself.

Another had been going about the street
wondering what he could do, when a gen-
tleman called him to hold his horse, and
afterwards gave him four cents. "And I
have brought it, teacher, for the missionary
box."

Almost all had something, and all had
found out the truth of that word—**TRY.**

Happiness, it has been finely observ-
ed, is in proportion to the number of things
we love, and the number of things that love
us.

"You need a little sun and air," said a
physician to a maiden patient. "If I do,"
was the cute reply, "I'll wait till I get mar-
ried."

"I don't believe it's any use, this vac-
cination," said a Yankee. "I had a child
vaccinated, and he fell out of the window a
week after and got killed!"

Sweeter far in Heaven.

It was evening. We were seated alone
at the piano, breathing a song of beauty and
joy; and as our fingers glided gently up the
silver-keyed octaves, and the music, "the
soul of beauty," gushed forth responsive to
our touch, it seemed that no where in this
glad earth could there be hearts beating
heavily—so light and joyous were our own.
The last echo had died away in the distance,
and turning from the instrument, our eyes
rested upon the silvered locks and bending
form of one whose countenance bespoke a
pure and noble heart. We had never met
before, but he whispered softly, while a
smile of beauty wreathed his colorless lips,
"Young maiden, 'twill be a sweeter far in
heaven!" Oh, how those few simple words
changed the current of our thoughts; and
when, in words of winning eloquence, he
spoke of the comforts of our holy religion,
and urged us to consecrate our life, our tal-
ents, our all, to the service of our Maker,
we thought no sacrifice too great, if, like
him, we too might see unfolding before our
spirit's vision the glories of the Celestial
City.

Weeks fled, and that old man, wearied of
earth, folded his thin arms and went to sleep.
They laid him to rest, away in the church-
yard; but we know that there was but the
casket—that the spirit, no longer fettered,
was basking in the sunlight of the Saviour's
smile; and that his voice, no longer tremu-
lous, mingled in the anthems of the "just
made perfect." And when at twilight
hour we breathe a song of "olden time,"
beautiful, indeed, through the vista of the
past, comes the remembrance of those joy-
inspiring words, "Twill be sweeter far in
heaven!"

THE THEORY OF LONGEVITY.—Every man
is born with a certain stock of vitality, which
cannot be increased, but may be husbanded.
With this stock he may live fast or slow—
may live extensively or intensively—may
draw his little amount of life over a large
space, or narrow it into a concentrated one;
but when his stock is exhausted, he has no
more. He who lives extensively—who
drinks pure water, avoids inflammatory dis-
eases, exercises sufficiently, but not too la-
boriously, indulges no exhausting passion
feels no no exciting material, pursues no
debilitating pleasures, avoids all laborious
and protracted study, preserves an easy mind,
and thus husbands his quantum of vitality—
will live considerably longer than he
otherwise would do, because he lives slow-
ly; while he, on the other hand, who lives inten-
sively—who beverages himself on liquors
and wines, exposes himself to inflammatory
diseases, or causes that produce them, labors
beyond his strength, visits exciting scenes,
and indulges exhausting passions, lives on
stimulating and highly seasoned food—is al-
ways debilitated by his pleasures.

A HIFALUTIN MINISTER.—The Rev. Dr.
Cumming, of London, is noted for his flow-
ery and far-fetched verbiage in his pulpit
efforts. Some wag gives the following trans-
lation of Psalm xxiii., as an illustration of
the doctor's grandiloquence:—"Deity is my
pastor; I shall not be indigent. He maketh
me recline on the verdant lawns; he lead-
eth me beside the unrippled liquors; he re-
installeth my spirits, and conducteth me in
the avenues of rectitude for the celebrity of
his appellations. Unquestionable, though I
perambulate the glen of the unbragges of the
sepulchral dormitories, I will not be per-
turbed by appalling catastrophes, for Thou
art present. Thy wand and thy crook in-
sistuate delectation. Thou spreadest a re-
fection before me in the midst of inimical
scrutinations. Thou perfume my locks with
odoriferous unguents; my chalice exuberates
Indubitably, benignity and commiseration
shall continue all the diurnity of my vitality,
and I will eternalize my habitation within
the metropolis of nature."

One of the most singular things in the
world, is how men come to chew tobacco.
It is not only dirty and disagreeable, and
spoils your breath, mouth, and shirt bosom,
but it contains a "pizen," deadly as that ven-
ded by a rattlesnake; and yet in spite of all
this there are people who prefer it not only
to guano but to nectar, and actually roll it
under their tongue as a sweet morsel.
Some men have no idea of any bliss more
exquisite. An old sailor while on his death-
bed was asked what he supposed Heaven
was fenced in with. With an eye full of
hope and expectancy, he exclaimed, "Pig-
tail tobacco."

The Reason for Refusal.

Mr. Poppa paid his two hundred and sixty-
seventh visit to Miss Clarissa Cooler the
other evening. He found her in the rocker,
alone in the parlor; stole his arms around
her alabaster neck and sipped the nectar of
her cherry lips—a proceeding there was not
the least harm in, considering they had come
to an agreement, and were generally re-
ported to be on the road to matrimony, the
lady took it all quietly, even indifferently, to
judge from the lassitude of her attitude in
the chair, her lazy use of her fan and her
exclamation of something between a heigh-
ho and a ya-hum. Common places were
disposed of. Then followed a silence broken
only by Mr. Poppa slapping at the musqui-
toes, and Miss Clarissa fanning her self un-
ceasingly. At length Poppa proposed a
promenade and ice cream. Clarissa declined
both, adding:

"I wish to stay at home, for I have some-
thing particular to tell you."

"Indeed!" said Poppa; "what is it dear?"
"You expect our wedding to take place in
three weeks don't you?"

"To be sure I do."

"Well I am sorry to disappoint you; but
I must do it. I cannot marry—"

"Good heavens! Clarissa, what are you
saying?"

"Don't interrupt me. I mean I can't
marry you just yet a while—not for some
months to come."

"Why, Clarissa, what's the meaning of
all this? You gave your positive promise,
and said nothing stood in the way. I am
all ready and worried with waiting. Why
do you put it off, dear?"

"That you will have to excuse my telling
you; I have a good reason for it—I have
thought the matter well—and my mind is
made up. Will that satisfy you?"

Poppa mused awhile. Clarissa kept her
fan going. Finally Poppa spoke—

"No, Clarissa, it won't satisfy me. You
postpone our wedding, and refuse to tell me
why. If you have a reason for it you ought
to let me know it, and may be it would sat-
isfy me. But I won't be satisfied without
the reason."

"Well, then, you will have to remain un-
satisfied. I tell you I have a reason, and a
good one—what more do you want?"

"I see how it is—I've courted you too
long; I didn't strike while the iron was hot;
you are tired of me, and wish to get rid of
me. Well, if that is your wish, go ahead."

"Mr. Poppa, you're a dunce—you're a
fool."

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't," said
Poppa rising with his temper, "but this I'll
say, Miss Clarissa—if you don't tell me why
you postpone the wedding for a few months,
you may postpone it forever, so far as I am
concerned. Tell me, Clarissa, else I swear
that when I leave this house to-night, I will
never set foot in it again!"

"Well, then you'd better go."

"Very well. Good night, Miss Cooler."

Poppa reached the door. Clarissa followed
him, and seeing that he was in earnest cried
to him to stay. Poppa came back. Clarissa
put her head on his shoulder and cried—
Poppa melted. Poppa spoke first.

"Well dear, what's the matter?"

"Oh, I think you are so unreasonable and
cruel! Indeed, indeed, I have a good cause
for putting off our marriage—but I cannot,
I must not tell you what it is. Oh, dear Mr.
Poppa, do excuse me!" and she cried a little
more.

"Well Clarissa, tell me this—do you put
it off to please your father, or any of your
relations?"

"No—they know nothing of my determi-
nation."

"Do you put it off on account of anything
concerning me? Or do you want to go any-
where, or do anything particular that will
keep you from marrying?"

"No."

"In God's name, then Clarissa, what do
you want? Why keep me in this suspense?"

"Oh, Mr. Poppa, you are so cruel! Maybe
I ought to tell you the obstacle—but I can-
not, indeed I cannot."

"Just as you please, Miss Cooler." Poppa
again picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Poppa, pray do not go."

"Then tell me the obstacle, Clarissa."

Poppa was evidently determined. Clarissa
put her head on his shoulder, laboring under
a strange agitation. Several times she es-
sayed to speak. At length she breathed in-
to his ear these fearful words:
"THE WEATHER IS TOO HOT!"
Poppa wilted. When our spirit left he
was advocating a trip to the Alleghany
Mountains.

Verses for the Year 1900.

Tell John to set the kettle on.
I want to take a drive—
I only want to go to Rome,
And shall be back at five;
Tell cook to dress those humming birds,
I shot in Mexico,
They've now been killed at least two days,
They'll soon be an *au fait* haul.

And Tom, take you the gold leaf wings,
And start for Spain at three—
I want some Seville oranges,
Twixt dinner time and tea;
Fly round by France and bring a new
Perpetual motion gun,
To-morrow with some friends I go
A hunting in the sun.

The trip I took the other day,
To breakfast in the moon,
Thanks to my Lord Bellsair, for he
Spoiled my new balloon;
For, steering through the milky way,
He ran against a star;
And turning round again too soon,
Came jolt against my car.

But Tom must get the car repaired,
And then let Dan and Dick
Inflate with ten square miles of gas,<
I mean to travel quick;
My steam is surely up by now—
Put the high pressure on,
Give me the breath bag for the way—
All right—hey—whiz—I'm gone!

AUNT LIZZIE'S COURTSHIP.—Why, ye see,
when my man come a courtin' me, I hadn't
the least thought what he was after—not I
Jobie came to our house one night after dark
and rapped at the door. I opened it, and
sure enough there was Jobie.

"Come in," sez I; "take a cheer."

"No no, Lizzie," sez he, "I have come on an
errand, and I always do my errands fast."

"But you had better come in and take a
cheer, Mr. W—."

"No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I have
come on this 'ere courtin' business. My
wife's been dead these three weeks, and
everything's been goin' to rack and ruin
right along. Now, Lizzie, if you are amind
to have me, and take keer of the house and
my children, and my things, tell me, and I'll
come in and take a cheer; if not I'll get some
one else to."

Why I was skeared and said—

"If you have come on this courtin' business,
come in, I must think on it a leetle."

"No, I can't till I know. That's my ar-
rant and I can't sit down till my errand is
done."

"I should like to think on it a day or
two."

"Now you needn't Lizzie"

"Well, Jobie, if I must I must, so here's
to ye."

So Mr. W—, came in. Then he
went after the Squire an' he married us
right off, an' I went home with him that
very night. I tell you what it is these long
courtins don't amount to nothing at all.
Just as well do it in a hurry.

COURTESIES.—A plate of butter from
the cream of a joke.

A small quantity of tar, supposed to have
been left where the Israelites pitched their
tents.

The original brush used in painting the
"signs of the times."

A bucket of water from "All's well."

A piece of soap with which a man was
washed overboard.

The strap which is used to sharpen the
water's edge.

The lead-pencil with which Britania
ruled the waves.

A portion of yeast used in raising the
wind.

A dime from the moon when she gave
change from the last quar'er.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sor-
row.

An administrator on the estate of a
deceased female, in New Hampshire, adver-
tises for sale at auction, "The wearing ap-
parel of Mrs. C— E—, deceased, consist-
ing of one bed, two carriages, and one sleigh."

LAW AND GRAMMAR.—When a Kentucky
Judge, some years since, was asked by an
attorney, upon some strange ruling, "Is
that law, your honor?" he replied, "If the
Court understand herself, and she thinks
she do, it are."

How does a pitcher of water differ
from a man throwing his wife over a bridge?

One is water in the pitcher, and the other
is pitch her in the water.

Why is a pawnbroker like a drunkard?

Because he takes the pledge, but cannot
always keep it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Early Wheat.

We published, some time ago, a
paragraph from the Richmond Whig,
in relation to the early maturity of a
crop of wheat grown on the farm of
Chas. H. Boughton, Esq., of the coun-
ty of Essex. The circumstances of
the case are these:

Several years ago, Mr. Boughton
found in his field of wheat four heads
that had ripened some fifteen days
earlier than the remainder of his crop.
He preserved the grain and sowed it,
and has continued re-sowing it every
year, until his crop comes in, this
year, at least a month earlier than us-
ual. He has been applied to from
time to time to sell portions of it—
being offered from four to ten dollars
a bushel for it—but he has refused to
sell any until he could make his entire
crop from this early variety.

This he has accomplished this year,
and he is selling this seed now at five
dollars a bushel. He harvested his
wheat some time ago, and it is now in
the market. The advantages of hav-
ing a variety of wheat that matures
early are apparent to all. Most of the
accidents and casualties that befall the
wheat crop overtake it late in the sea-
son, so that a kind that ripens early,
it appears to us, would be very desira-
ble. The wheat, besides being har-
vested so soon in the season, is, we
understand, of excellent quality.—
Lynchburg Virginian.

DECAY IN FRUIT TREES.—We have
often heard the practice recommended
of driving nails into decaying fruit
trees to restore their vigor. But we
have never seen the result set forth so
strikingly as in the following from the
Southern Planter:

A singular fact, and one worthy of
being recorded, was mentioned to us
a few days since by Mr. Alexander
Duke, of Albemarle. He stated that
whilst on a visit to a neighbor, his at-
tention was called to a large peach or-
chard, every tree in which had been
totally destroyed by the ravages of the
worm, with the exception of three,
and these were the most thrifty and
flourishing peach trees he ever saw.—
The only cause of their superiority
known to his host was an experiment
made in consequence of observing that
those parts of the worm eaten timber
into which nails had been driven were
generally sound. When his trees were
about a year old he had selected three
of them, and driven a ten penny nail
through the body, as near the ground
as possible; whilst the balance of his
orchard had gradually failed and final-
ly yielded entirely to the ravages of
the worms, these three, selected at ran-
dom and treated precisely in the same
manner, with the exception of the
nailing, had always been vigorous and
healthy, furnishing him at that very
period with the greatest profusion of
the most luscious fruit. It is supposed
that the salt of iron afforded by the
nail is harmless, or perhaps even benefi-
cial to the tree.

A chemical writer upon the subject
says: The oxydation or rusting of the
iron by the sap evolves ammonia,
which, as the sap rises, will of course
impregnate every part of the foliage,
and prove too severe a dose for the
delicate palate of intruding insects.—
The writer recommends driving half
a dozen nails into the trunk. Several
experiments of this kind, with differ-
ent varieties of fruit trees, have re-
sulted successfully.